

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

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UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE HUCKLEBERRIES.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

Wait for it, Uncle Wiggily! Wait for it!

The bunny uncle rabbit gentleman heard some one calling like that to him

one morning as he was about to start for a ride in his automobile.

"Huh!" wondered who that is—

thought Uncle Wiggily as he looked up at the chimney of his hollow stump bungalow, thinking, perhaps, that his

muskrat lady housekeeper, Mrs. Jane Fussy Wussy, might have climbed up there and stuck her head out to call to him. But Nurse Jane was not there.

Next Uncle Wiggily leaned over in the seat of his automobile and looked toward the ground. And there he saw

Johnnie and Billie, the bushy-tailed squirrel boys.

"What you who called to me?" asked the bunny gentleman.

"Yes," chattered Billie, "it was us."

"We were afraid you'd go off without us," explained Johnnie, "frankly, the big tail."

"Well, I didn't know you wanted to go with me," spoke Mr. Wiggily, "as long as you are here, hop in and come for a ride. Where are you going?"

"To school," answered Johnnie. "This is the last day of school for a long time. We are going to have a vacation."

"And we'll have fun," said Billie. "There will be no lessons in school today. Some of the animal girls and boys are going to graduate, and the teachers won't make us study."

"That's good," laughed Uncle Wiggily. "But what have you there, Johnnie and Billie?" he asked, as he saw the squirrel boys each trying to hide something under their coats.

"Oh, we've just got something to have some fun," said Billie, "sort of shy like and inconsequential."

"We—we d'wanta tell," went on Johnnie, as he tried to make his ears twinkle like Uncle Wiggily's pink ears. But he couldn't do it very well.

"Oh, well, don't let me worry about it. If it's a secret," chuckled the rabbit gentleman, as he started his automobile. And just then Nurse Jane looked from the kitchen door and called:

"Don't forget!"

"I won't forget," promised Uncle Wiggily.

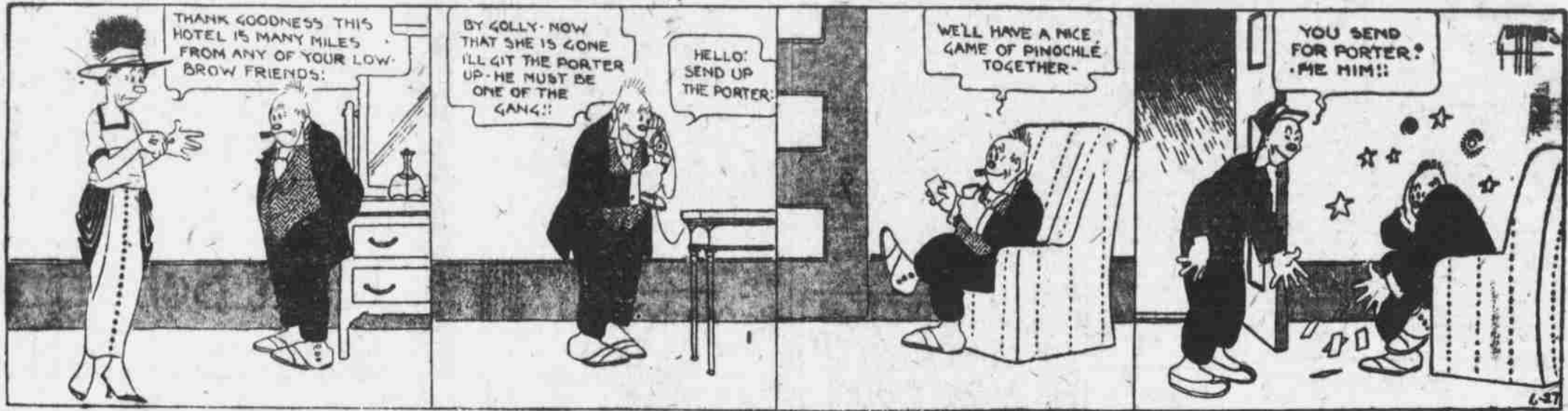
"What is it you aren't to forget, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Johnnie. "Is it your lessons?"

"Oh, no," answered the rabbit gentleman, with a laugh. "It's just that Nurse Jane doesn't want me to forget about bringing her back some berries. She wants to make a pudding."

"What kind of berries does she want?" asked Billie.

"She didn't say," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I guess almost any kind I find in the woods will do. I have, so far, picked blackberries and red berries. Perhaps today I may find a new color."

So Uncle Wiggily jingled along in his



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—She Had All That Worry Over Nothing!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Luke Ought to Practice on a Concrete Drive!



JOE'S CAR—Will One of Our Readers Be Good Enough to Volunteer?



WHO'S TO BLAME

BY ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON.

People who always are late would not be so annoying if they would admit their vice instead of always blaming others for it.

CHAPTER NO. 14.

Estrella Goss.

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However, the long ten days before Estrella's departure for Mapleville came to an end.

"I'll carry your bag downtown with me," Freddie said to her. "Then I'll meet you at your train with it. I'll carry it to the station."

"When we landed in New York on our honeymoon, Estrella remarked, "we went around in taxis."

"That's right," agreed Freddie, good naturedly. "but we really ought to afford one now, if we can avoid it. Besides I'll be glad to look after your luggage for you."

"A poor poor people can't go on being comfortable," said Estrella. "All right—I'll meet you at the gate."

So Freddie jugged his wife extremely heavy suitcase and fairly heavy bag all the way downtown with him on the morning of his departure. He put the things down with a sigh of relief when he reached his father's office. That gentleman looked at him from his desk.

"Hello," said Mr. Mason, "where do you think you're going, son?"

"Nowhere," Freddie told him. "These are Estrella's bags. I'm carrying them for her. She's going home to spend a week or two with her father."

"And leave you alone?" asked Mr. Mason.

Freddie nodded. Mr. Mason took on the little air of the tempter. His pleasant, middle-aged face flushed at the thought that came to him.

"Say," he said in a sort of whisper, half as though he feared Estrella might hear him and spoil his plan, "say—son, come on to the house then and stay with your mother for a few days. We—we'll pretend you're not married."

"No," said Freddie, "I'm late."

"Oh—dear!" she cried. "I'm late! Why am I always late? Things are always happening to me! I do my best but—Where are my bags? Did you get the tickets? Here, give them to me!"

She clutched at the things in Freddie's hands. He said nothing. Then he leaned and kissed her. In an untidy and panting turmoil she passed from him and through the door.

"Well, anyhow," he thought to himself as he turned away, "she's gone!"

Freddie drew a little quivering breath. "Well sir," said he, "I might in a few more days—I might. Just for a while I think it would be jolly to be alone."

"Oh," said Mr. Mason, "I see." And to himself: "Oh, my poor boy! My poor boy!"

Later in the afternoon Freddie gathered Estrella's luggage and went to the station to meet her. He had agreed to give her something about 15 minutes there for a little chat. Freddie was well ahead of time. He bought his wife's ticket and checked her trunk, bought newspapers for her and a box of candy. Then he took up his station near the train gate to wait for her. The hour they had agreed upon to meet arrived. No Estrella. Five minutes went by, seven minutes, ten minutes. Freddie began to get fidgety. If she should miss the train! Already the time for her little talk was practically gone. Evidently she had not cared enough to make an ample allowance of time so that they should not miss it. Another time slipped by and there remained but two minutes in which Estrella could catch her train. Then she came! With a huge plume bobbing on her hat; her skirt so tight that she almost tottered in her haste; and with her fur half slipping from her shoulders, she came breathlessly rushing through the station.

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DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX.

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

WHERE GIRLS BLUNDER.

"The girls of today," said a wise middle aged woman recently, "look with pitying disdain upon their mothers and their grandmothers, and think that they are miles ahead of the poor old dears who had no college education and who knew none of the blessings of modern progress, but there is one thing, at least, in which their mothers and grandmothers could give them a lesson or two, and that is in the art of being a wife."

"And that's in getting a husband, which is, after all, the main object of every normal woman's life. Whatever else she has, she wants a husband, a home, and children, too, and not nearly so many of her are getting these as used to."

"That's because the modern girl understands nothing of the gentle art of enamoring men while her mother and her grandmother were experts in it. And while many things have changed, the road to the masculine heart has not altered by so much as a hair's breadth. There are many varieties of men, but they all run true to form when it comes to women and what they like in women, and what attracts them in women."

The first big mistake that the modern girl makes is in stripping from her all the illusions and casting them into the discard. Salome knew what she was about when she put it on in the dress. They took a man's arm by the tips of their fingers. They knew how to blush. They moved always in a poetic halo. They were desirable as a piece of choice bric-a-brac.

"But look at the girls now! There is no mystery about them in these days. No man wonders about a girl's peaches and cream complexion and ruby lips because he sees her put it on in the street cars. Contrast the difference in appearance between a little foot that goes in and out of a pair of shoes and a pair of No. 6's supported by

sturdy limbs that are visible almost to the knee!

A very clever man once told me that his idea of a suitable woman was a lady who could be married to a man for seven years without his ever knowing whether her hair was her own, or hers by right of purchase. That is the general masculine point of view, and women have never committed a bigger mistake than they have in making public the secrets of their toilet table.

"Another mistake that girls make is in playing the game with all their cards on the table. Our mothers and grandmothers were never stupid enough to play the game of heart that way. They always kept their trump card up their sleeves. When the modern girl likes a man and has made up her mind to marry him, she lets him know it. This gives him a chance to dodge and run away. Our grandmothers pretended indifference, and a man got so interested trying to find out what she really thought of him that he poked his head into the noose before he knew it."

"And grandmother had help from her mother, who realized the value of the thing. She would tell her daughter to keep them away from their suitors. They were not women and what they like in women, and what attracts them in women."

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